Law. Who bare my Letter then to *Romeo*?
Iohn. I cold not send it, here it is againe,
Nor get a Messenger to bring it thee,
So fearefull were they of infection.
Law. Vnhappie fortune, by my Brother-hood,
The Letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of deare import, and the neglecting it,
May doe much danger: Fryer *Iohn* goe hence,
Get me an Iron Crow and bring it straight
Vnto my Cell.

Exit.

Iohn Brother Ile goe and bring it thee.
Law. Now must I to the Monument alone,
Within this three houres will faire *Iuliet* wake,
Shee will beshrew me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write againe to *Mantua*,
And keepe her at my Cell till *Romeo* come,
Poore liuing Coarse, clos'd in a dead mans Tombe.

Exit.

Enter Paris *and his* Page.

Par. Giue me thy Torch Boy, hence and stand aloofe,
Yet put it out, for I would not be seene:
Vnder yond yong trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy eare close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foot vpon the Churchyard tread,
Being loose, vnfirme with digging vp of Graues,
But thou shalt heare it, whistle then to me,
As signall that thou hearest something approch,
Giue me those flowers, doe as I bid thee goe.
Pag. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the Churchyard, yet I will aduenture.

Par. Sweet Flower with flowers thy Bridall bed I strew,
O woe, thy Canapie is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or wanting that, with teares distil'd by mones;
The Obsequies that I for thee will keepe,
Nightly

Nightly shall be, to strew thy graue and weepe.

Whistle Boy.

The Boy giues warning, something doth approch,
What cursed foot wanders this way to night,
To crosse my Obsequies and true Loues right?
What with a Torch? muffle me night a while.

Enter Romeo *and* Balthazer *his man.*

Ro. Giue me the Mattock and the wrenching Iron.
Hold take this Letter, early in the morning
See thou deliuer it to my Lord and Father,
Giue me the light; vpon thy life I charge thee,
What ere thou heareſt or seeſt, stand all aloofe,
And doe not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious Ring: a Ring that I must vse,
In deare employment, therefore hence be gone:
But if thou iealous dost returne to pry
In what I farther shall intend to doe,
By Heauen I will teare thee ioynt by ioynt,
And strew this hungry Churchyard with thy limmes:
The time and my intents are sauage wilde,
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Then emptie Tygers, or the roring Sea.
Balt. I will be gone sir, and not trouble you.
Ro. So shalt thou shew me friendship, take thou that,
Liue and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow.
Balt. For all this same, ile hide me here about.
His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt.
Ro. Thou detestable mawe, thou wombe of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsell of the earth:
Thus I enforce thy rotten iawes to open,
And in despight ile cram thee with more food.
Pa. This is that banisht haughtie *Mountague*,
That murdred my Loues Couzin; with which griefe,
It is supposed the faire Creature dyed,

And